PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1897-TWENTY PAGES.

Notwithstanding our funny spring weather

The Fact Remains that We are Headquarters

For Tailor-Made Suits, Silk Waists, Ladies' Tan-Colored Jackets, Plaid Skirts and Juvenile Clothing, and that this is the last week to prepare for Easter.

Easter Offerings.

A Broadcloth Suit, Men's Coat, braided, for -Very Stylish

The Best All-Wool Suits in the city for

New Good Tailor-Made Suits. Prices range from \$5 to \$40.

Silk Waists, the very latest, from \$2.50 to \$7. Ladies' Tan-Colored Jackets, nobby and up-to-date, from \$5 to \$20.

Plaid Skirts, \$2.98 upward.

Children's Jackets, \$1.50 to \$10.



\$12.75

\$6.75

Boyd, Besten & Langen Company

39 East Washington Street

C. S. PERRY (have your books adjusted)... Tel. 1528. Room 1, Journal Bldg.

ARCHITECTS. W. SCOTT MOORE & SON..12 Blackford Block, Washington and Meridian Sts.

AUCTIONEERS.

M'CURDY & PERRY (Real Estate and General Auctioneers).139 W. Wash. St.

BICYCLES--WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. JOHN A. WILDE (Remington Bicycles)....... 108 Massachusetts Avenue,

CARPET WARP. BUFFALO CARPET WARP, the Best, A.B.MITCHELL, Selling Agent, Ind'pls,

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS--WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO--WHOLESALE. PATHFINDER CIGAR (Indiana Cigar Company) .. 32 South Meridian Street.

HAMBLETONIAN 10c, Florida Seal 5c Cigars. 43 Kentucky Av., Phone 1492. DIAMONDS--WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. J. C. SIPE (Importer Fine Diamonds) Room 4, 18 1-2 North Meridian St.

H. D. NEALY (Patent and Mechanical Work).....Room 14 Hubbard Block.

ELECTROTYPERS.

INDIANA ELECTROTYPE COMPANY (Prompt work)....23 West Pearl Street.

BERTERMANN BROS., Nos. 85 and 87 E. Wash. St. (Pembroke Arcade) Tel. 840.

FURNITURE REPAIRERS. FRANK M. WILLETT (successor to J. W. Gray)...149 North Delaware street.

GENERAL TRANSFER--HOUSEHOLD MOVING.

MECK'S TRANSFER COMPANY., Phone 335...... Circle Street. HOGAN TRANSFER, STORAGE CO., Tel. 675. . S. W. Cor. Wash. and Illinois Sts.

GRILLE AND FRET WORK. HENRY L. SPIEGEL, Designer and Manufacturer. . 316 East Vermont Street.

MISS J. A. TURNER...... Over Haerle's,

HARNESS, SADDLES AND HORSE CLOTHING. STRAWMYER & NILIUS (Repairing Neatly Done)......17 Monument Place

ICE CREAM--WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

JEWELRY--WHOLESALE

LAUNDRIES.

UNION CO-OPERATIVE LAUNDRY .. 138-144 Virginia Ave. Call Phone 1269.

LIVERY, BOARD AND HACK STABLES.

LOANS ON DIAMONDS, WATCHES, ETC.

MANTELS AND GRATES. P. M. PURSELL (Mantels, Grates and Furnaces)...31 Massachusetts Avenue.

BEE HIVE PAPER BOX CO. (Fancy, Plain or Folding Boxes) . 76 W. Wash. St.

PATENT ATTORNEYS.

PATENT LAWYERS.

CHESTER BRADFORD, 14-16 Hubbard Bik., cor. Washington and Meridian H. P. HOOD & SON.......29-30 Wright Block, 68 1-2 East Market St.

V. H. LOCKWOOD Building. PATENT SOLICITORS.

PATTERNS--WOOD AND METAL. INDIANAPOLIS PATTERN WORKS (Make any Trick or Device) . . 101 S. Penn.

PLUMBING AND STEAM HEATING. J. S. FARRELL & CO., Contractors......... S4 North Illinois Street.

PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS

FRANK H. SMITH (50 Engraved Cards, \$1.00).. 22 North Pennsylvania Street. SALE AND LIVERY STABLES.

SEEDS, BULBS, ETC .-- WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. HUNTINGTON & PAGE (Send for Catalogue) 78 E. Market St. Tel. 129.

HORACE WOOD (Carriages, Traps, Buckboards, etc.) . . 25 Circle. Tel. 1097.

VAIL SEED CO. (New Firm.) Get Catalogue. . . . 96 N. Delaware St. Tel. 145. SHOW CASES.

WILLIAM WIEGEL Street. STENOGRAPHERS AND NOTARIES.

HARDY & HANSON. Private Shorthand School. 'Phone 900. . 501 Lemcke Hidg

STORAGE AND SHIPPING. HARRIS & PURYEAR (Transfer and Moving), Phone 561 . . . 76-78 W. N. Y. St.

UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS AND CANES. C. W. GUNTHER, Manufacturer 21 Pembroke Arcade and 56 Mass. Ave.

WALL PAPERS.

H. C. STEVENS, New Styles of Wall Paper. Low Prices. . . . 496 N. Senate Ave.

WINES.

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL By Mail, to Any Address,

Two Dollars Per Annum.

SPRINGTIME AND YOUTH.

The flowers on the hillside unfold no more gladiy, no more trustfully under the showers and sunshine of April than does the heart of boyhood. They are emblems of each other-youth and spring-and there is kinship between them, an ancient kinship, which it were necessary to return to the May-time of creation to trace. Springtime is ever generous and true to the boy. To him she sends her earliest greetings, to him her promises are most lavish and to him she keeps them, every one. Signs of the approach of spring to which men are blind, tokens which the poet perceives not are revealed to him. What is the first unfailing harbinger of spring? Not the fickle bluebird that comes flashing down the fence, like an elusive bit of summer sky, nor the rash, uncertain crocus struggling beneath the snow. Poetic symbols of spring they may be, but they prophesy nothing. But the boy knows the old gray mare is inspired. One crisp morning he gallops her bareback up from the pasture and, on dismounting, finds his trouser's legs thickly frosted with her silver hair. There is not | They All Have a Basis of Genuine a bird in sight, the landscape is dull and barren, but he has visible proof that spring is near. Do not imagine that nature denies him her more subtle auguries, however. On the contrary, it is to the boy that the sunbeams bear their earliest messages and the south wind seeks him first of all. The twitter of the pioneer robin is caught by his ear and he notes the faint "quank" of the flock of wild geese, pursuing their northward

the slopes of the valley, the boy goes forth to meet her, and his heart leaps in unison with the glad pulses of universal life. He is an artist beyond all bounds of art; a poet is not simply the glimmer of reflected sun- he speaks of them as hardly deserving to nine that delights him, not the mere external beauty of the fields and the balm of rous beauty of the heart of things, and he blooming with the flowers, whistling with relationship, as spentaneous and unaccount- know naturally very little of the religion of nest and robs it ruthlessly while the thrush is away preying upon insect life. He tosses a careless clod at a chattering jay, which, less sparrows out of the woods. Perhaps this very wantonness of boy and bird is the Yet, while leaf and blossom are but incidents of the season to the boy, he is the and, figuratively, a pantheist. The billowy and the slug on the mossy side of treeproud delight, throwing back a bubbling, It is well known that polygamy as prac-More sedately sentimental the chickens go The male of their tribe frequently lifts his

manner of levity, shocking the nervous hens

into hysterics by announcing make-believe

hood that the boy, having become a reflective being, and having lost that sixth sense of insight, becomes impressed unduly with the bygone happiness of spring and recalling its sweet symbols, he begins to attribute the one to the other, knowing not, in the ignorance of maturity, that it was potential joy which brought forth bloom and song, and not they which caused the joy. Another May-time comes and he goes forth with other men in a vain search for the lost fountain of youth. Then it is that he becomes an ordinary poet, making spiritless little rhymes of butterflies and bees, of red roses and verdant trees, of soft clouds that pass and their shadows upon the grass; or a pigment spreading painter, striving to encompass infinite nature within the limits of a seven-hued art. And, after poking wearily goes sadly home to tell his children that "spring is not what it used to be." But

perhaps, the children know better. E. O. LAUGHLIN.

Reverence and Worship.

HEATHEN RELIGIONS.

Max Muller, in Fortnightly Review. At present it may seem as if a more re spectful feeling toward other religions was slowly springing up, at least among edutrians. Mohammedans, even Chinese are their sacred books are no longer looked unon as mere absurdity or as the work of the devil. But when we come to the religion of so-called savages, the general feeling seems to be that their religion is no religion at all. but mere fetichism, totemism, spiritism, and all the rest. Much as I am intereste in the so-called book-religion of the world it has always seemed to me one of the most valuable results of a comparative study of all religions that behind these mere outworks of the religions of so-called savages. whether we call them fetichism, totemism of spiritism, there has been discovered almost always the real and indestructible stronghold of all religion, a belief in God as the Father and Ruler of the world. You know when people talk of savages they always take the people of Terra del uego or the Patagonians as the lowest of the low. Darwin has set the example, for e called fellow-creatures. Captain Cook had compared their language to a man clearing his throat, but, accordshall we reconcile such conflicting statethat the most far-reaching theories have these Patagonian savages, but if prayer is

me read you a Patagonian prayer: "O Father, Great Man! King of this land! Favor us, dear friend, every day With good food. With good water.

a fair index of the worth of a religion, let

With good sleep! Poor am I, poor is this meal Take of it if thou wilt.

This is a prayer uttered by people whom Darwin compares to "devils like those that rush on the stage in the 'Freischutz.' " could join without much shame. It is not addressed to a fetich, or to a totem, or to seen Father, to a dear friend, the king of their land, to whom they offer the best they have, though it is only, as they say,

a very poor meal.

it is easy to smile at their offering a poor neal to their God. It is easy for us to ask, lights in sacrifices? But what should we into a herd of swine so that about two Zoroastrianism, Judaism and Islam, the tactics have generally been to single out ness for women who wanted a protector,

not, as in the case of David and Solomon,

calling them all to a great feast and then absurdity of such a custom, replied: "These least power of resistance are those who relaughingly eating every morsel himself. prayer wheels are only meant to remind us fuse to recognize the reality of the unseen smile, "Is it not better to use a wheel even | and eternal or who gaze with least steaditure back of all.

It is only after spring has waxed into summer and youth has waned into man-

Church, Houston, Tex.

While we look at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.-II Cor. iv., 18.

Clearness of vision depends upon qual-

fairly intelligent observer. There must be aim and purpose in this These two things are bound together in an inviolable union: Moral purpose and

inzed that faith and hope are the only principles and springs of action which make men successfully combat evil with deathless purpose to win high character and endure successfully whatever of hardship and trial is necessary to moral proginfluence but that of faith and hope-he has believed something and hoped for some-

The only question, then, is one which defines the character, quality and source of faith and hope. Now, I believe it is clearly impossible for one who regards only what is visible and temporary, whose soul never soars upward and looks steadily on what is unseen and eternal, to gain moral capacity, to endure successfully the trials heighten his moral quality thereby. Such | til they rested upon the huge bouquets on men may live excellent lives and show a | the pulpit. There were Easter lilies, roses, sweet spirit when they do no, have to fight | carnations, asparagus-called by some more bitter battles-on the success of any one of | polite name in the greenhouses, but still which may depend the comfort and happi- asparagus-and moss-rose buds, all minness of those they love better than life-but | gled with fragrant hyacinths. And amid when the real test comes they cannot stand | the waxen petals and green leaves glistened the strain. It is not reasonable to expect | the tiny drops of water not yet dried from

it. Things we handle with our hands and | the florist's spraying. Religious emotion, never long endure. They not only do not | full sway in the basso's breast, and he felt last beyond our present experience, but they playing the chameleon before our very | the beauty of the flowers, with their dewy eves. We feel secure in the possession of things which slip from our hold by the operation of causes beyond our control; and the leading soprano's eyes became we bend our energies to win things which | merged into a single sanctifying influence, result as we expected, continually disappoint us, constantly keep the promise to the eye and break it to the heart.

ture may use, but they are meant to be in- | Easter spirit, that feeling flashed back upon cidental-scaffolding, by means of which the heart of the basso, and he was happy the house can be built. The mischief is again.

than its cause. Moral quality cannot possibly originate in and grow from material earthly, tangible and visible things. I believe that we can and must find what will produce and develop high moral quality or give up all hope of living other than brutish lives and dving other than hopeless deaths, One who has no motive to make him persist in his endeavor to win permanent moral inevitably break down in heart and hope,

one has as much moral power as the other, nothing is to be said. But no man who thinks of himself as possessing moral cathere is some meaning and intention in it. and bear the burdens of life, all the while accumulating greater moral power, which temporary, the one sensible thing to do is to inquire if there is a source from which has ever been actually supplied. For this is the very sum and substance of faith and

Every one who has ever blessed our race with an inspiring life and character has in some genuine way renounced the worldunanimous voice of the common experience men have uniformly refused to look upon the attainment of things seen and tem-

I venture the assertion that the men from the worship of stocks and stones as that of an enlightened Roman Catholic.

With regard to Buddhism, the custom of those who look with steadlest gaze upon the worst degradation of religion. But I must | confident that those who break down often-

to go any whither-afraid to take with

hope, there must be divine power and quality in what is beyond and above us. I believe that by looking honestly and steadily upon the unseen and eternal solutely indestructible. For theirs is no and goes with them and stands by them

EASTER IN THE CHOIR.

wildering Easter hat.

Easter dresses, the occasional clearing of late attendant to a seat. These sounds perceptible breath of artificial perfumes. hymn, the hush in which the rattling rumble of the trolley car, the clattering of horse hoofs on the pavement, the tinkle of the bicycle bell, the gongs of the milkmen, almost profane enough to call for an oldentime visitation of divine wrath,

But on that particular Easter morning,

and in that particular before-hymn hush,

there wasn't a trolley car within a full half the nearest trotting carriage horse was so far away that the sound of its footfalls were drowned by the heart throbs of the basso as he looked at the leading soprano. come and remain sweet through it all and | listened reverently, he dropped his eyes unas if he could never again think an evil sparkle, the springy fragrance of the church, the holy silence, the patch of sky with an exquisitely happy thrill. The momentary experience was delicious, and

experience of a few moments before. But a sigh, he crumpled the piece of envelope

taking her eyes from the clock at the op-

Instead of notes; They tuned their throats One perfect Easter day. 'Mid flowers, short hours Came, smiled and went: All life was rife

With sweet content.

A hush! That gush Of bird-song breathes A sigh; and I. Amid those wreaths Of flowers that aye should smile,

And the world was blithe and gay

Can see-ah, me!-A glint of tears: The breath-the wraith Of other years, And grief holds sway awhile

Then-then, again,

Sweet music swells:

Joy. joy-pure joy-In all things dwells

And bounding gladness reigns! Back, tears! Come, years! The risen Lord Imparts to our hearts That bursts in heavenly strains. Did I hear some one ask. "The sermonwhat of the sermon?" Ah, well, have

S. W. GILLILAN. Justice Outraged, but Silent.

Magistrate Crane had an old woman up

efore him yesterday charged with drinking the milk and eating the bread depositsome scant tears rolled down her furrowed even-handed justice to show how superior ger and old age and tears. But justice let the complainant, the judge looked at his papers and the old woman was discharged.

USE OF THE DIVINING ROD

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TER NOT ITS ONLY VIRTUE.

Locate Metals and Sometimes for

the Cure of Disense.

'Megargee," in Philadelphia Times,

to bend downward when held over a spot be-

tion of this country. Farmers, otherwise free from superstition, have a firm reliance is applied, with absolute faith, to reveal the hidden places of concealed money treasure or rich mineral wealth. The best answer to the inquiry can be found in Prof John Myth-makers." He gives a personal reminan unexpected illustration of the tenacity with which conceptions descended from prehistoric antiquity have now and then kept their hold upon life. While sitting one even-The audience was still. The choir, from | standing opposite me, An elderly man was its elevation, could hear nothing except | moving slowly up and down the road, holdshank pointed upward, but every for motwig would gradually bend downwards uning down and pointing to it. My thoughts reverted at once to Jacques Aymar and Dousterswivel, as I perceived that these men were engaged in sorcery. During the long drought more than half the wells in the city had become dry, and here was an attempt to make good the loss by the aid of the god Thor. These men were seeking water with a divining rod. Here, alive, before my eyes, was a superstitious observance which I had supposed long since dead and forgotten by all men except students interested in mythology. As I crossed the road to take part in the ceremony, a farmer's boy came up, stoutly affirming his incredulity and offering to show the company how he could carry the rod motioness across the charmed spot. But when he came to take the weird twig he trembled with an ill-defined feeling of insecurity as to the soundness of his conclusions, and the rod bent in spite of him-as was not so

very strange. For, with all his vague skep-

ticism, the honest lad had not and could not

be supposed to have the foi scientifique of

IT WOULDN'T WORK

which Littre speaks.

"Hereupon I requested leave to try the seemed at once to excite the suspicion and scorn of the sorcerer. 'Yes, take If,' said he, with uncalled-for vehemence, but you can't stop it; there's water below here and you can't help its bending if you break your back trying to hold it.' So he gave me the twig, and awaited, with a smile which was meant to express withering sarcasm, the when I proceeded to walk four or five times across the mysterious place, the rod pointing steadfastly towards the zenith all the while, our friend became grave and began to philosophize, 'Well,' said he, 'you see, things, but there's water below here, for all that, as you'll find if you dig for it; there's nothing like a hazel rod for finding out water.' Very true; there are some peomarvelous powers of the clairvoyant, who never can make 'planchette' move in conformity to the requirements of any known alphabet; who never see ghosts and never have 'presentiments' save such as are obviously due to association of ideas. The illsuccess of these persons is commonly ascribed to their lack of faith, but in the maferred to the strength of their faith-falth quacy of ordinary human experience as interpreted by science. La foi scientifique is write and tables to top and hazel twigs ntervention of the performer. But our village friend, though, perhaps, constructively right in his philosophizing, was certainly very defective in his acquaintance with the time-honored art of rhabdomancy. Had he field of mediaeval European tradition, he s but one among a large class of things to which popular belief has ascribed, along of opening the ground or cleaving rocks, n order to reveal hidden treasures. Leaving him in peace, then, with his bit of forked hazel, to seek for cooling springs in some future thirsty season, let us endeavor to elucidate the origin of this curious super-

OTHER USES OF THE ROD. vining rod has been put. Among the ancient tection of criminals, and the reputation of Jacques Aymar was won by his discovery Lyons. Throughout Europe it has been used taining the position of veins of metal, and in the days when talents were wrapped in napkins and buried in the field, instead of being exposed to the risks of financial specpersons covetous of their neighbors' wealth, century, he would have taken a forked slick buried treasures of Jean Valiean, It has and has been kept in households, like a wizard's charm, to insure general good forfollow the conception further into the elfland of popular tradition, we come upon a tained therein. In German legend a sheplisenstein, having stopped to rest, leaning the filled his hat also; but what she

megat was his staff with the springwort, which he had iaid against the wall as soon ne stepped in. But now, just as he was This ought to satisfy every keen-sighted and fair-minded observer that the unseen and eternal are real things to the human.

Thus passed away a great charge for Justas he stepped in. But now, Just as he was going out of the opening, the rock suddenly should fall. But a breath of spring blew in at the court windows, and the people the rod derives its marvelous properties from the inclosed springwort, but in many